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Choral speaking is group interpretation of literature. The advantages of choral speaking are: (1) It is a form of artistic expression in which all children can join. (2) It helps develop good, clear speech. (3) It offers far greater variety than is possible through solo speaking. (4) It builds group attitudes by allowing students to work together toward a common goal.

Choral speaking can be used in such special activities of the school as assemblies, parent group meetings, and American Education Week. Poems and songs which can be used for choral speaking are included.

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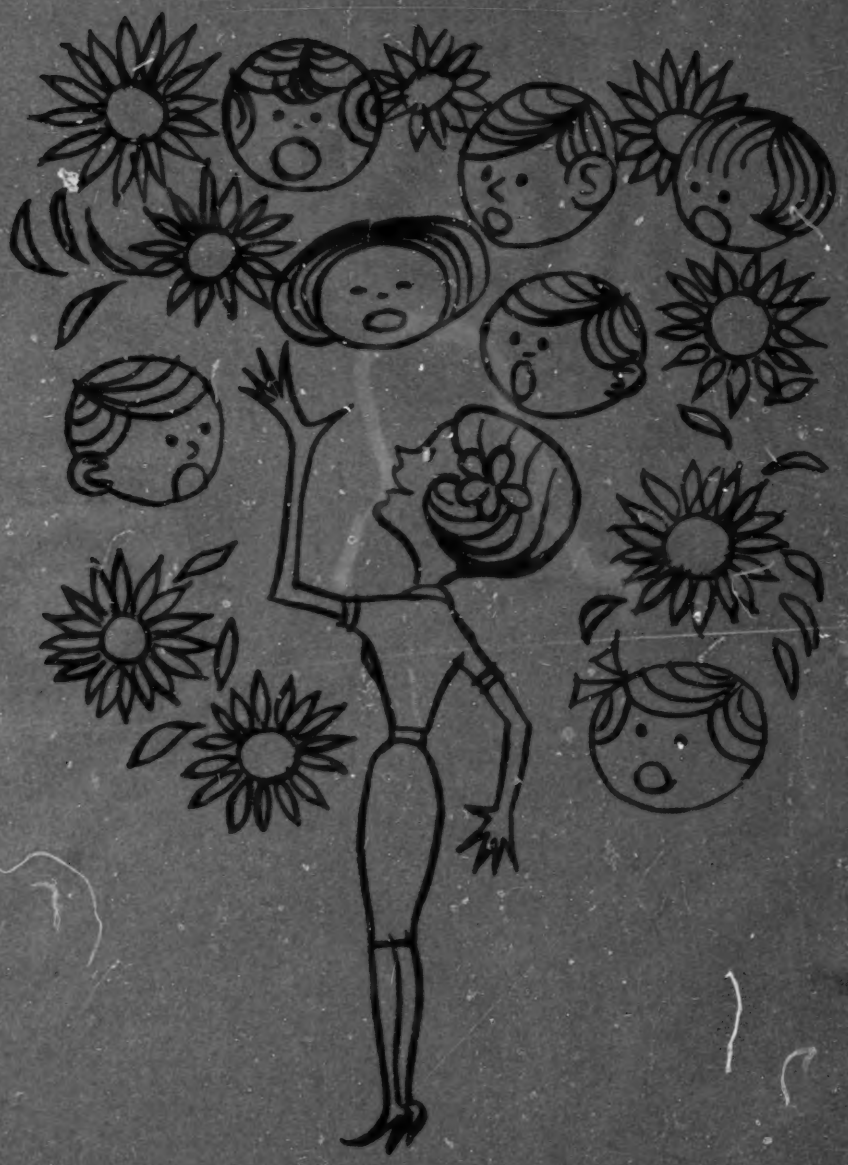
CHORAL



SPEAKING

GRADES K-6

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
OFFICE OF SPEECH EDUCATION
HONOLULU, HAWAII
1963

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CURRICULUM LABORATORY
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CHORAL SPEAKING

Choral speaking is group interpretation of literature. The advantages of choral speaking are many:

1. It is a form of artistic expression in which all the children can join.
2. It helps to develop good, clear speech. Poems of quick tempo and light timbre will give pleasurable practice in crisp, effortless articulation and will be especially useful in correcting indistinct or careless speech.
3. It offers far greater variety than is possible through solo speaking. The meaning of a poem can be brought out more clearly when it has been arranged for choral speaking.
4. It builds group attitudes by allowing students to work together toward a common goal.

As an incentive to the children, choral speaking might be used in the special activities of the school--assemblies, parent group meetings, American Education Week.

The grade levels indicated are only suggestions. A second-grade class, for example, may be mature enough to handle and enjoy a poem designated for the upper grades or a fifth-grade class can polish and refine a poem designated for grades 3-4.

Kindergarten

SOFT STEPS
(Tiptoeing)

Tippy, tippy, tiptoe--
Let us go!
Tippy, tippy, tiptoe--
To and fro!
Tippy, tippy, tiptoe--
Through the house,
Tippy-tippy-tiptoe--
Soft as
any
mouse!

--Georgette Agnew

Teacher: Note the silent beat at the end of lines 2, 4, 6, 8 and the continuation of the rhythm after the words stop. Read the poem to the children several times and have them finger-tip the rhythm while a group 'tiptoes.'

TO MARKET
(Jogging up and down)

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.

To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety jog.

To market, to market, to buy a plum bun;
Home again, home again, market is done.

--Mother Goose

Teacher: Ask the children to suggest the action to fit the pronounced rhythm of this jingle which may be used also for simple two-part work.

RIDE A COCK HORSE
(Trotting)

Ride a cock horse
To Banbury Cross
To see a fair lady upon a white horse;
With rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

--Mother Goose

Teacher: The rhythm of this jingle is fairly quick so it is suggested that the teacher speak it and the children move to it. If the children try to speak too quickly, it will lead only to careless speech.

ACTION RHYME
(Tramping)

The policeman walks with heavy tread,
Left, right, left, right,
Swings his arms, holds up his head.
Left, right, left, right.

--E. H. Adams

Teacher: Encourage the children to stop the movement neatly and quickly, at the same time that the verse stops; otherwise the verse becomes ragged.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

All Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Solo My dame has lost her shoe,
My master's lost his fiddlestick,
All Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has found her shoe.
My master's found his fiddlestick,
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame shall dance with you.
My master's found his fiddlestick,
Cock-a-doodle doo!

--Mother Goose

Teacher: Later, the first line of the solo part may be spoken by a girl and the second line by a boy.

MIX A PANCAKE

Mix a pancake,
Stir a pancake
Pop it in the pan;
Fry the pancake,
Toss the pancake, --
Catch it if you can.

--Christina Georgina Ross

Teacher: Read the poem several times and help the children to find the rhythm which flows along easily. The tone of the poem is light and gay. No one likes to eat heavy pancakes!

STOP! LOOK! AND LISTEN!

Stop! Look! and Listen!
Before you cross the street
Use your eyes; use your ears;
Then use your feet!

Anonymous

Teacher: The sooner the Kindergarten children learn and remember the message in this jingle, the better for everyone. The first line should be spoke rather slowly and with authority. Pretend the classroom is a busy street and let the children act out the jingle.

Grades 1-2

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the walls
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside--

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown--
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

--Robert Louis Stevenso

Teacher: This poem needs no introduction. Have the children sit quietly wi
their eyes closed while the poem is read in a soft, lilting voice. Perhaps th
would like to draw a picture of what is in their minds when the swing reache
top of the garden wall, and they can see far into the distance. Will they see
things the poet saw?

After the children have heard the poem a number of times and are familiar
the words, have them read it in unison, keeping time to the rhythm. Later
different children to say the poem individually.

A FARMER WENT TROTTING

Solo A farmer went trotting upon his gray mare,
All Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
Solo With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
All Lumpety, lumpety, lum;!

A raven cried croak! and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them the same the next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

--Mother Goose

LULLABY

All — Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Solo — Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Stars are up, the moon is peeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
While the birds are silence keeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

--Christina Georgina Rosset

Teacher: Keep voices soft. Slightly louder on lines 4 and 5, but dying away on the last two lines.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

Boys interestedly — 'Where are you going, my pretty maid?'
Girls demurely — ' I'm going a-milking sir,' she said.

Boys — 'May I go with you, my pretty maid?'
Girls — 'You're kindly welcome, sir,' she said.

Boys expectantly — 'What is your father, my pretty maid?'
Girls — 'My father's a farmer, sir,' she said.

Boys eagerly — 'What is your fortune, my pretty maid?'
Girls — 'My face is my fortune, sir,' she said.

Boys sadly — 'Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!'
Girls scornfully — 'Nobody asked you, sir!' she said.

--Mother Goose

Teacher: When the girls say the last line they never fail to toss their heads, put their noses in the air, and look indignant.

MY VALENTINE

I have a little Valentine
That someone sent to me.
It's pink and white and red and blue,
And pretty as can be.

Grades 1-2

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the walls
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside--

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown--
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

--Robert Louis Stevenson

Teacher: This poem needs no introduction. Have the children sit quietly with their eyes closed while the poem is read in a soft, lilting voice. Perhaps they would like to draw a picture of what is in their minds when the swing reaches th top of the garden wall, and they can see far into the distance. Will they see the things the poet saw?

After the children have heard the poem a number of times and are familiar with the words, have them read it in unison, keeping time to the rhythm. Later ask different children to say the poem individually.

A FARMER WENT TROTTING

Solo A farmer went trotting upon his gray mare,
All Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
Solo With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
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Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them the same the next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

--Mother Goose

LULLABY

All / Solo

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Stars are up, the moon is peeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
While the birds are silence keeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

--Christina Georgina Rossetti

Teacher: Keep voices soft. Slightly louder on lines 4 and 5, but dying away on the last two lines.

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Girls demurely: ' I'm going a-milking sir, ' she said.

Boys: 'May I go with you, my pretty maid?'
Girls: 'You're kindly welcome, sir, ' she said.

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Boys eagerly: 'What is your fortune, my pretty maid?'
Girls: 'My face is my fortune, sir, ' she said.

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--Mother Goose

Teacher: When the girls say the last line they never fail to toss their heads, put their noses in the air, and look indignant.

MY VALENTINE

I have a little Valentine
That someone sent to me.
It's pink and white and red and blue,
And pretty as can be.

Forget-me-nots are around the edge,
And tiny roses, too;
And such a lovely piece of lace--
The very palest blue.

And in the centre there's a heart
As red as red can be!
And on it's written all in gold,
'To you, with Love from Me.'

--Mary Catherine Parsons

Teacher: Read the poem to the children and help them to find the rhythm. Note the silent beat at the end of the second and fourth lines. Perhaps the children would like to draw and color the valentine in the poem to help them remember the lines. At first, divide the class into three groups--one verse to a group. Later have the poem spoken in unison and later still encourage children to say it individually.

LITTLE

When God makes a lovely thing,
The fairest and completest,
He makes it little, don't you know,
For little things are sweetest.

Little birds and little flowers,
Little diamonds, little pearls;
But the dearest things on earth
Are the little boys and girls.

--Anonymous

Teacher: This simple little poem makes a good unison study. The rhythm is definite but never becomes monotonous if the emphasis in the various lines is placed on the word little.

THE CUPBOARD

Solo

I know a little cupboard,
With a teeny tiny key,
And there's a jar of Lollypops
For me, me, me.

All
rather slowly
and with
anticipation

It has a little shelf, my dear,
As dark as dark can be,
And there's a dish of Banbury Cakes
For me, me, me.

I have a small fat grandmamma,
With a very slippery knee,
And she's Keeper of the Cupboard,
With the key, key, key.

And when I'm very good, my dear,
As good as good can be,
There's Banbury Cakes, and Lollypops
For me, me, me.

--Walter de la Mare

Teacher: The meter beat of this poem is singsong--'I know a little cupboard' --and could easily deteriorate into Te tum te tum te tum tum. The poem will remain exciting and delightful if spoken thus:

I know a little cupboard,
With a teeny tiny key,

Later this poem may be used successfully for Group Work.

FEET
(Tramping, walking, tripping)

Big feet,
Black feet,
Going up and down the street;
Dull and shiny
Father's feet,
Walk by me!

rather slowly and heavily--a measured tread

Small feet,
Light feet,
Going up and down the street;
Little children's
Happy feet,
Run by me!

softly, quickly, and lightly

Nice feet,
Brown feet
Going up and down the street;
Pretty, dainty,
Ladies' feet,
Trip by me!

more quickly and lightly

-- Irene Thompson

Teacher: This poem may be introduced by asking the children if there are footsteps they always recognize when they hear them.

Read the poem to the children several times and have them finger-tip the beats. Note the silent beat at the end of each verse. Finger-tipping the rhythm is important and should be done correctly.

In the first lesson choose boys to be 'father's feet.' Lead the rest of the class in the first verse in such a way that the boys instinctively reproduce father's slow and measured tread.

Note the changes in tempo and stress in the second and third verses

THE SWING SONG
(Rocking)

	Swing, swing, Sing, sing,
The tempo is measured in the first stanza. The swinging has just started.	Here! my throne and I am a king! Swing, sing, Swing, sing, Farewell, earth, for I'm on the wing!
	Low, high, Here I fly,
gathering momentum, quicken the rhythm	Like a bird through sunny sky; Free, free, Over the lea Over the mountain, over the sea!
	Up, down, Up and down,
still more quickly	Which is the way to London Town? Where? Where? Up in the air, Close your eyes and now you are there!
	Soon, soon Afternoon,
slowing down	Over the sunset, over the moon; Far, far, Over all bar, Sweeping on from star to star!
	No, no, Low, low
slowly and still more slowly, until the swing is at a standstill	Sweeping daisies with my toe. Slow, slow, To and fro, Slow--slow--slow--slow.

--William Allingham

HAVE YOU WATCHED THE FAIRIES?

Have you watched the fairies when the rain is done
Spreading out their little wings to dry them in the sun?
I have, I have! Isn't it fun?

Have you heard the fairies all among the limes
Singing little fairy tunes to little fairy rhymes?
I have, I have, lots and lots of times!

Have you seen the fairies dancing in the air,
And dashing off behind the stars to tidy up their hair?
I have, I have; I've been there!

--Rose Fyleman

Teacher: The highly imaginative child will derive much pleasure from presenting this delightful fantasy to the rest of the class. The first two lines of each verse should be said lightly, gaily, and eagerly. Pause at the end of the second line to give the audience time to see the word-picture that has been painted for them. Then let the third line tumble out joyously.

TAKING OFF

The airplane taxis down the field
And heads into the breeze,
It lifts its wheels above the ground,
It skims above the trees,
It rises high and higher
Away up toward the sun,
It's just a speck against the sky
--And now it's gone!

--Mary McB. Green

Teacher: How simply and effectively the poet describes an airplane taking off. The picture is so vivid that we can see it if we close our eyes. This poem can be used for unison and individual work.

GOLDEN KEYS

A bunch of golden keys is mine
To make each day with gladness shine.

"Good morning" is the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.

When at the table, "If you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me
I use my little "Thank you" key.

"Excuse me"--"Beg your pardon," too
If by mistake some harm I do.

When evening comes, "Good night," I say
And close the door of each glad day.
With a golden ring these keys I bind
This motto--"Be ye kind."

I'll often use each golden key
And then polite I'll always be.

Teacher: This moral tale may be enlivened by dividing the choir into four mixed groups of girls and boys. Each group says one stanza and then the first group begins again with stanza five.

Sincerity should come from the directness and simplicity with which the words are said. Avoid smugness and "sing-song."

Grades 3-4

HIDE AND SEEK

Hide and seek, says the wind,
In the shade of the woods;
Hide and seek, says the moon,
To the hazel buds;
Hide and seek, say the clouds,
Star on to star;
Hide and seek, says the wave,
At the harbor bar;
Hide and seek, say I,
To myself, and step
Out of the dream of wake
Into the dream of sleep.

--Walter De La Mare

Teacher: The choir should be brought to realize that while hide-and-seek is a lively game, this poem is really about a child singing himself to sleep. It should, therefore, get quieter and drowsier as it proceeds. Begin the first couplet with all the voices, and then drop off speakers until at the line "and step/Out of the dream" there is only a single voice or a small group of light voices. A whispered echo, "Sleep, sleep" might be an effective closing.

ANIMAL CRACKERS

Animal crackers and cocoa to drink,
That is the finest of suppers, I think;
When I'm grown up and can have what I please,
I think I shall always insist upon these.

What do YOU choose when you're offered a treat?
When Mother says, "What would you like best to eat?"
Is it waffles and syrup, or cinnamon toast?
It's cocoa and animals that I like the most!

The kitchen's the cosiest place that I know;
The kettle is singing, the stove is aglow,
And there in the twilight, how jolly to see
The cocoa and animals waiting for me.

Daddy and Mother dine later in state,
With Mary to cook for them, Susan to wait;
But they don't have nearly as much fun as I
Who eat in the kitchen with nurse standing by;
And Daddy once said he would like to be me
Having cocoa and animals once more for tea!

--Christopher Morley

Teacher: Two mixed groups might be chosen to read this pleasant sleepy-time poem, with a deep-voiced girl for the Mother's part. The lines might be distributed between the two groups as follows:

Stanza one--Group I, lines one and two; Group II, lines three and four.
Stanza two--Group II begins; Group I reads only line four.
Stanza three--Group I.
Stanza four--Group I, lines one and two; Group II, lines three and four; Group I, the last two lines.

JONATHAN BING

Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went out in his carriage to visit the King,
But everyone pointed and said, "Look
at that!
Jonathan Bing has forgotten his hat."
(He'd forgotten his hat.)

Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went home and put on a new hat for the
King.
But by the palace a soldier said, "Hi!
You can't see the King; you've for-
gotten your tie."
(He'd forgotten his tie.)

Poor old Jonathan Bing,
He put on a beautiful tie for the King,
But when he arrived, an Archbishop
said, "Ho!
You can't come to court in pajamas,
you know."

Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went home and addressed a short
note to the King:
"If you please will excuse me, I won't
come to tea;
For home's the best place for all
people like me."

--Beatrice Curtis Brown

Teacher: This selection is a lot of fun. It should be kept chatty and light. Besides the three solo voices, a small chorus of girls might read the parenthetical phrases. The story itself should be told by the whole group.

TRAINS

Over the mountains,
Over the plains
Over the rivers,
Here come the trains.

Carrying passengers,
Carrying mail,
Bringing their precious loads
In without fail.

Thousands of freight cars,
All rushing on
Through day and darkness,
Through dusk and dawn.

Over the mountains,
Over the plains,
Over the rivers,
Here come the trains.

--James S. Tippett

Teacher: Trains have different rhythms. It seems that the trains in this poem say ch-ch-ch choo ch-ch-ch choo, so that the emphasis in each line is on the last word, and the words with ‾‾‾ over them are said quickly, but with equal stress. The impelling rhythm of the trains rushing on and on makes us feel like rushing too. The danger in this is that we will neglect to say the ends of words. Try to maintain the rhythm of the poem, at the same time pronouncing the words clearly.

This poem provides a fine example for group work. Divide the class into three groups and have group one say the first and last verses.

LONG, LONG AGO

Solo softly
Winds through the olive trees
Softly did blow,
Round little Bethlehem
All
Long, long ago.

Solo a little louder
Sheep on the hillside lay
Whiter than snow;
Shepherds were watching them,
Long, long ago.

Solo more loudly & gladly
Then from the happy sky,
Angels bent low,
Singing their songs of joy,
Long, long ago.

Solo softly
For in a manger bed,
Cradled we know,
Christ came to Bethlehem,
Long, long ago

--Anonymous

Teacher: This poem should be read first by the teacher, gently and sincerely. The mood throughout is quietly joyful. The simple refrain should carry on the mood expressed by the solo speaker.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

Pussy said to the Owl, ' You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?'
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
While they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

--Edward Lear

Teacher: This nonsense poem is a favorite because it gives plenty of opportunity for play acting. The poem is read flexibly and lightly but with perfect precision of rhythm. The rhythmic movements of the actors coincide with the strong beats in the lines. For example, while the class reads the first four lines, the Owl and Pussy are sitting in an imaginary boat which the Owl is rowing. Lines five to ten are accompanied by the gentle plucking of the strings of an imaginary guitar. Encourage the children to suggest the actions for Pussy while she speaks the first four lines of the second verse. In verse three the class speaks 'Said the Piggy, "I will," while Piggy simply nods his consent. This is more effective than splitting up the line. The little dance at the end should be slow, graceful, and solemn.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe--
Sailed on a river so crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
'Where are you going, and what do you wish?'
The old moon asked the three.
'We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea--
'Now cast your nets wherever you wish--
Never afeared are we!'
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam--
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;

'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea--
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

--Eugene Field

Teacher: Read the poem to the children purely for the enjoyment they will have and the comments they will offer.

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see;
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head,
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow--
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

--Robert Louis Stevenson

Teacher: This poem is easy to sing-song unless it is spoken in a natural story-telling voice. If, as the children say the poem, they think of the story it is telling, they will be encouraged to speak naturally and easily.

SONG

All Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Group 1 Once a lovely, shining star,
Group 2 Seen by shepherds from afar,
Group 3 Gently moved until its light
Group 4 Made a manger's cradle bright.

Group 1 There a darling Baby lay,
Group 2 Pillowed soft upon the hay;
Group 3 And its mother sang and smiled,
Group 4 'This is Christ, the holy child!'

All Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.

--Eugene Field

Teacher: Read the poem several times softly and quite slowly. Before making this poem a unison study, have the children speak it in the way suggested above.

SNOW FLAKES

Solo: Feathery flakes of snow come down,
Refr.: Swirling, twirling, drifting,
Solo: Until they cover all the town,
Refr.: Swirling, twirling, drifting.

Solo: People hurry to and fro,
Ref.: Riding, sliding, skipping,
Solo: Through the silver-powdered snow,
Ref.: Riding, sliding, skipping.

Solo: Motor cars are going home,
Ref.: Shifting, swerving, dripping--
Solo: Through the swirling snowy-foam
Ref.: Shifting, swerving, dripping.

--Louise Abney

THE MONKEYS AND THE CROCODILE

Quintet All
Five little monkeys swinging from a tree,
Boys All
Teasing Uncle Crocodile, merry as can be.
Row 1 Row 2 Row 3
Swinging high, swinging low, swinging left and right:
Solo 1 All
"Dear Uncle Crocodile, come and take a bite!"

Quintet Girls
Five little monkeys swinging in the air;
All Boys
Heads up, tails up, little do they care.
Row 4 Row 5 Row 6
Swinging up, swinging down, swinging far and near:
Solo 2 All
"Poor Uncle Crocodile, aren't you hungry, dear?"

Quartet Boys
Four little monkeys sitting in a tree;
All Girls
Heads down, tails down, dreary as can be,
Boys Girls All
Weeping loud, weeping low, crying to each other:
Quartet
"Wicked Uncle Crocodile, to gobble up our brother!"

--Laura E. Richards

WATERS

Row 1
Sprinkling, wrinkling, softly tinkling
All
Twinkling tiny brook
Row 2
Running, funning, hiding, sunning
Cunning baby brook,
All
Joins a grownup brook.
Row 3
Dashing, splashing, sunlight flashing
Stony grownup brook
All Boys
Joins the river broad smooth river
Deep as deep can be
Row 4
Slower, slower, slower flowing,
Row 5
Wider--wider--wider--growing,
All
Till it empties all its waters
Out into the great huge sea.
Row 6
Rolling, rolling, tossing, rolling,
All
Splashing waves forever rolling
In the great wide sea.

--Edith H. Newlin

Grades 5-6

WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at a gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

--Robert Louis Stevenson

Teacher: The galloping rhythm should be maintained throughout this little poem. Divide your group into two semi-choruses of mixed voices. Let the First Group read the first four lines of each verse, the Second Group finish. A rising crescendo on next to the last line, followed by a fading away on the last line, will give something of the effect of the rise and fall of the wind.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled.
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree--
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
My mother kissed me and said, quite gay,

"If the wonderful World is great to you,
And great to father and mother, too,
You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot!
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

--William Brighty Rands

Teacher: This joyous song to the beauty of the world should be kept buoyant by a lively rhythm and vitality in the articulation.

The whole group might say the first stanza. The light voices say stanza two and the dark ones, stanza three.

Then either a small group of light voices or a single light voice reads stanza four. A deep girl's voice reads the last stanza.

THE ORCHESTRA

Girl — Row 1
The violin's a lady, at her window clear she sings.
Boy 1 — Row 2
The cello is a minstrel, his voice is rich and deep.
Boy 2 — Row 3
The clarinet's a woodman and his mellow music rings.
Girl 2 — Row 4
The flute's a shepherd calling home his sheep.
All
There's something very solemn in the tone of the bassoon.
Boy 3 — Boy 4 — Duet
The English horn and tuba sound like hunters on a hill.

All
The French horn is a wanderer in lands beneath the moon.
Girls
The harp's a lovely maiden by a rill.
Boy 5 Boy 6
The trumpet is a soldier, and the trombone is an earl.
Boys All Boys Girls
The oboes, happy children, call, and call the violins.
Boy 7 Girl 3 All
The piccolo and tympani are laughing boys and girls.
Solo All
Hear the voices when the orchestra begins.

--Nancy Byrd Turner

BEAUTY

Solo 1
Beauty is seen
Row 1
In the sunlight,
Row 2 Row 3
The trees, the birds,
Row 4 Row 5
Corn growing and people working
Row 6
Or dancing for their harvest.

Solo 2
Beauty is heard
Row 1
In the night,
Row 2 Row 3
Wind sighing, rain falling,
Row 4
Or a singer chanting
Anything in earnest.

All
Beauty is in yourself.
Row 5 Row 6
Good deeds, happy thoughts
All
That repeat themselves
Girls
In your dreams,
Boys
In your work,
All
And even in your rest.

--E-Yeh-Shure

SMELLS

Teacher
Why is that the poets tell
So little of the sense of smell?
Solo 1
These are the odors I love well:
Row 1 Boys
The smell of coffee freshly ground;
Row 2 Girls
Or rich plum pudding, holly crowned;
Row 3 Boys
Or onions fried and deeply browned.
Row 4
The fragrance of a fumy pipe;
Row 5 Girls
The smell of apples, newly ripe;
Row 6
And printer's ink on leaden type.

Girls
Woods by moonlight in September
Solo 2
Breathe most sweet; and I remember
Boys
Many a smoky campfire ember.
Girls Boys Girls
Camphor, turpentine and tea,
All
The balsam of a Christmas tree,
Solo 3
These are whiffs of gramarye.
Boy
A ship smells best of all to me!

--Christopher Morley

ROADWAYS

Row 1 Row 2
One road leads to London, one road leads to Wales;
Solo 1 Girls
My road leads me seawards to the white dipping sails.
Row 3
One road leads to the river, as it goes singing slow;
Solo 2 Boys
My road leads to shipping, where the bronzed sailors go.

Row 4 Row 5 Row 6 All
Leads me, lures me, calls me to salt green tossing sea;
Solo 3 All
A road without earth's road-dust is the right road for me.
Boys Girls All
A wet road heaving, shining, and wild with seagull's cries,
Solo 4 All
A mad salt sea-wind blowing the salt spray in my eyes.

Girls Boys
My road calls me, lures me
Solo 5 Solo 6 Solo 7 Solo 8
West, east, south and north;
Boys All
Most roads lead men homewards, my road leads me forth.
Boys Girls
To add more miles to the tally of gray miles left behind,
All
In quest of that one beauty God put me here to find.

--John Masefield

FATHER GRUMBLE

All
There was an old man and he lived in a wood,
Solo 1
As it was told to me.
Boys
He said he could do more work in a day
All
Than his wife could do in three.
Solo 2 Girl
The good wife said, "I will agree,
But this you must allow:
Girls
That you should stay at home today
Girl
While I go follow the plow.
Row 1
Then you must milk the mulley cow,

Girls
For fear she should go dry;
Row 2
And you must feed the three little pigs
Boys
That are in yonder sty."
All
The good-wife took the staff in her hand
And went to follow the plow,
Boy
While Father Grumble took the pail
All
And went to milk the cow.
Row 3 Row 4
But Teenie she flinched and Teenie she winced,
Row 5
And Teenie she curled up her nose;
Row 6
And Teenie she gave the old man such a kick
All
That the blood ran down to his toes.
Solo 3
He went to feed the three little pigs
All
That lived in yonder sty;
Solo 4
The old one ran against his legs
Row 1
And the blood began to fly.
Row 2 Row 3
The dinner to get, the table to set,
Row 4
The bed to make and smooth,
Row 5 Row 6
The house to sweep, the bread to knead,
All
Too much for him in sooth.

Boys
So Grumble he swore by the light of the moon
Girls
And all the stars in heaven,
Solo 5
That his wife could do more work in a day
All
Than he could do in seven.

--Appalachian Mountain Ballad

AMERICA FOR ME

Solo 1 Row 1
'Tis fine to see the old world, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
Row 2
To admire the crumbly castles and statues of the kings--
Solo 2
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

Girls Boys All
So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
Girls Boys
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
Girls
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Boys All
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Boy Boys
Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
Girl Girls
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
Row 3 Row 4
And it's sweet to dream in Venice and it's great to study Rome;
Solo 3 All
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

Boys Girls All
Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
Solo 4
I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the rolling sea,
Solo 5 Boys
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Girls All
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

--Henry van Dyke

RAILROAD REVERIE

All
The little boy stopped in the middle of the hayfield
Solo 1
And cocked his head and listened for the sound.
Row 1 Rows 1 & 2 Rows 1, 2 & 3 Rows 1, 2, 3 & 4
It was there, it was coming, it was growing, it was coming.
Rows 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5 All
It was coming, it was growing all around.
2 girls 4 girls 6 girls
Far away, but growing nearer, growing nearer, growing nearer,

8 girls 10 girls All girls
Coming closer, coming closer, coming closer all the while;
2 boys 4 boys 6 boys 8 boys
Rumble-rumble, rattle-rattle, clatter-clatter, clank-clank,
10 boys 12 boys All
Chugger-chugger, chugger-chugger, and it reached the final mile.

Boy
The little boy, rooted in the middle of the hayfield,
Cupped his eyes to shade them from the sun,
Girls Boys
And heard the far-off whistle and the far-off rumble
All
And the far-off rattle of the railroad tracks
As the heavy giant train roared on.
Girls
Catch-a-teacher, catch-a-teacher, patch-his-britches,
Boys
Patch-his-britches, catch-a-teacher-patch-his-britches,
All
Catch a teacher Whoosh!

Girls Boys Row 1
Chugger-chugger, chugger-chugger, smoke upon the hayfield,
Row 2 Row 3
Cinders in the boy's hair and soot upon his face;
Row 4 Row 5
Laughter in the boy's heart, joy in the boy's feet,
Row 6
Laughter in the engineer's face.
All
Chuggerchugger growing fainter
Catchateacher patchisbritches
Catchateacherpatchisbritches
Chuggerchugger sssssssss.

Solo 2
And the little boy turns to other business of the day
All
As the heavy giant rumble rumbles out and fades away.

--E. R. Young

FIRST THANKSGIVING OF ALL

Girl 1 Girl 2 Boy 1
Peace and Mercy and Jonathan,
All
And Patience (very small),
Quartet
Stood by the table giving thanks

All
The first Thanksgiving of all.
Row 1
There was very little for them to eat,
Row 2 Row 3
Nothing special and nothing sweet;
Row 4 Row 5
Only bread and a little broth,
Row 6 Solo
And a bit of fruit (and no tablecloth);
Girl 1 Girl 2 Boy 1
But Peace and Mercy and Jonathan
Girl 3 All
And Patience, in a row,
Quartet
Stood up and asked a blessing on
All
Thanksgiving, long ago.
Row 1
Thankful they were their ship had come
Safely across the sea;
Row 2
Thankful they were for hearth and home,
And kin and company;
Row 3
They were glad of broth to go with their bread,
Row 4 Row 5
Glad their apples were round and red,
Row 6
Glad of mayflowers they would bring
Out of the woods again next spring.
Girl 4 Girl 5 Boy 2
So Peace and Mercy and Jonathan,
Girl 6 All
And Patience (very small),
Quartet
Stood up gratefully giving thanks
All
The first Thanksgiving of all.

--Nancy Byrd Turner

IN COME DE ANIMALS

Row 1 Duet 1
In come de animals two by two:
Solo 1 Solo 2
Hippopotamus and kangaroo;
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.

Row 2 Trio 1
In come de animals three by three:
Duet 2 Solo 3
Two big cats and a bumble bee,
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.

Row 3 Quartet 1
In come de animals four by four:
Duet 3 Duet 4
Two through de window and two through de door,
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.

Row 4 Quintet 1
In come de animals five by five:
Girls Boys
Almost dead and hardly alive,
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.

Row 5 6 pupils
In come de animals six by six:
Trio 2 Trio 3
Three wid clubs and three wid sticks,
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.

Row 6 7 pupils
In come de animals seven by seven:
Quartet 2 Trio 4
Four from hell and de others from heaven,
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.

Rows 1 & 2 8 pupils
In come de animals eight by eight:
Quartet 3 Quartet 4
Four on time and de others late,
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.

Rows 3 & 4 9 pupils
In come de animals nine by nine:
Quintet 5 Quintet 2
Four in front and five behind
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.

Rows 5 & 6
In come de animals ten by ten:
Quintet 3 Quintet 4
Five big roosters and five big hens
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.

--Negro Folk Song

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Type: Refrain with 4 Soloists

1st Child	Hear the tiny Christmas bells As they ring across the snow:
Refrain:	Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling! Tina-a-line...ling...ling.
2nd Child:	Hear the silver Christmas bells High in the steeple tall:
Refrain:	Ding-a-ding! Ding-a-ding! Ding-a-ding...ding...ding.
3rd Child:	Hear the golden Christmas bells In the tower on the square:
Refrain:	Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong...dong...dong.
4th Child:	Hear the many Christmas bells As they sing their merry song:
Refrain:	Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

-- Grace Rowe

Note: The sounding of the bells affords an excellent exercise in resonance, and a musical effect may be obtained by prolonging the ng's. The last two lines may be blended as if all the bells were ringing together.